

The Cult of Ray

Frank Black

What is there to say?
Still I can't be silent
Hear the cult of Ray
And you'll be enlightened
People they're no fun
I saw Raymond speak one time, he said hello
And as he opened up my mind, so fried and battered
I heard his words so very fine so high above this constant dripping
chatter
Young sharks feeding on the scrapple
And upstarts on your Adam's apple
And you can't hear yourself in all this babble
And are you feeling role strain
Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal again?
In a dark place
In the deep sky
Is an old man
In a coffee can
And he's waiting
In the old rain
In the deep sky
And he's waiting
Hear the cult of Ray
Fear the boy as tyrant
People have a way
When their mood is violent
People they're no fun
I have a century in mind, wait, oh no
At least two centuries in mind, say, it doesn't matter
This rock is turning into sand while we are drowning here in our own
shatter
You can't eat dirt cause it tastes so awful
Like no sugar in your Turkish coffee
And I can't smile cause I got me a mouthful
And I've been grinding this grain
Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal
Melting rock into metal again
In a dark place
In the deep water
Is an old man
In a coffee can
And he's waiting
In the old rain